

THE
HIBERNIAD.

L. H. P.



*Non obtusa adeo gestamus Pectora POENI,
Nec tam aversus equos tyriâ SOL jungit ab urbe.*

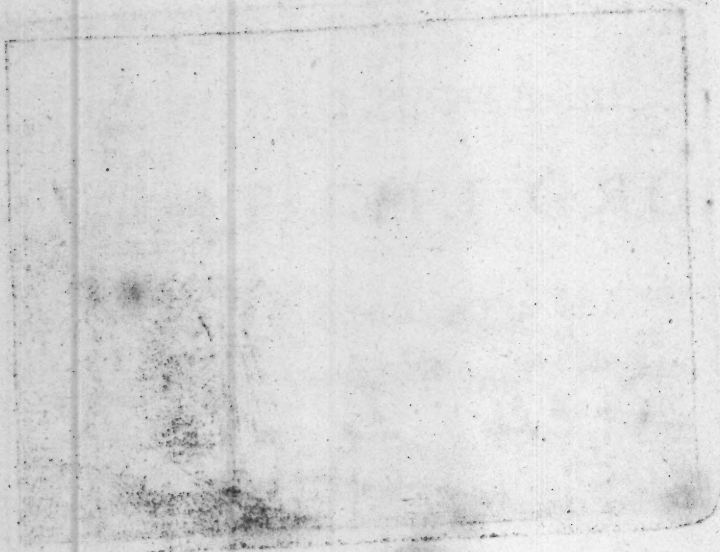
Virg.

Thus imitated :

We're not so dull as Prejudice wou'd hint ;
Nor hath *Creation*, nor the *God* of *Wit*,
More lavish been to any other Clime.

DUBLIN: Printed 1754.

HIBERNIA



TO THE
K I N G;
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES;
The NOBLE PEERS (living) who Have been,
His EXCELLENCY that Is,
LORD LIEUTENANT,
And to the TRUE FRIENDS, of
I R E L A N D;

This Apologetic Sketch,
In Behalf of
Its NATURAL BEAUTIES,
And GENIUS of its INHABITANTS,

Is most humbly inscribed,
By the AUTHOR,

P. H.

TO THE

K I M G

THE ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Duke of Devonshire

THE EXCHAMBERLAIN

GORDON LUTHER

and to the Duke of Devonshire

K I M G

The Exchamberlain

In Reply of

LETTER OF REPLY

And of the Duke of Devonshire

is most humbly intended

By the Author

W. H. G.

SECTION I.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

TWO Motives for *national Pride*, are (1.) The Beauties of the Country; (2.) The extraordinary Talents of its Natives.

That the most elevated *Geniusses* have been produced in the Climates most *beautified* by *Nature*, is a Truth, which, after some Reflection, can scarce be doubted of.

Should any Person hesitate, let him take a retrospective View of the History of *Genius*: He can trace it from its Cradle to its growing Years in *Egypt*; must admire its youthful Vigour and sprightly Manhood in *Greece*; revere it in advanced and healthy Age during the latter Centuries of the *Republic*, and *Augustus's* Reign at *Rome*; but must weep its deplorable Decay, and total Extinction; as imperial Tyranny, with its fell Twins *Barbarity* and *Gothicism*, waned over an abject, and degenerate World.

But as the *polite Arts*, Children of true *Genius*, with the least Sun-shine of Encouragement, spring up spontaneous in the Provinces that are genial to them; so to the modern World they revived in *Italy*, in *Leo's* Days.

No such favourable Revolution from Dulness has happened in Behalf of *Egypt*, or *Greece*; where the Horrors of Oppression, Foes to ingenious Ease, uninterruptedly defeat all influencing of the Climate.

The next Country they appeared triumphant in, was *France*; and their last remarkable Visit has been to these Islands.

The People among whom, in despite of Encouragement, the *polite Arts* do never flourish, are those condemned to Tracts of Land, and gravitated by an Atmosphere baneful to them. I wave Quotations, not doubting but most Readers can immediately supply themselves with Proofs obvious, and not far distant from our Latitude.

The *Taste inspiring Elegance* of a Country cannot alone suffice, nor ought to be looked on more than as the kind Parent of *Arts*; *Liberty* must be their sanguine, wholesome Nurse (for *Spain* suffers as much from *Ecclesiastic*, as *Egypt* and *Greece* do from *Mahometan Tyranny*)—Princely or ministerial Recompence, joined to popular Veneration, must ever be their zealous *Guardian*; Praise may be called the ethereal Nurture of spirited Art.

The Advantages attendant on the *polite Arts* are many; where they are cultivated, *Virtue* becomes more *virtuous*, by displaying an Aspect more amiable and luring, which wins over to her more Profelytes, than an affected and disgusting Austerity, her awkward Ape, ever can. *Vice* shews less offensive; nay, pays implicit Homage to the former, by rejecting Grossness, and affecting, at least, an Appearance of what, she is tacitly convinced, is right.

They enrich a Country, by endearing its Natives to a Residence therein, and drawing the Curiosity of Strangers thither. They open new Springs for Trade; for, by multiplying Necessities, they employ a greater Number of Artists, and thereby not only increase, but more diffusively circulate the Wealth of a People.

To warm us with Ideas adequate to the Subject, let us take a cursory View of what high Esteem the polite Arts were held in by the most celebrated Nations in the World.

If kindled (as I advance) by the Subject into *poetic* Prose, or sublimer *Verse*, let it be imputed to a Fondness for the Subject—But to prevent all half-read Critics' cavilling; among others I plead the Precedent of *Petronius Arbiter*, and that on Themes that were less interesting to him, than this is to me—Therefore, Blockheads, avaunt—Sons of, and Friends to, the *polite Arts*, your Approbation only I solicit.

What raised the GREEKS so much above other Nations, and made them a kind of middle Beings betwixt the Divinity and common Man? What was the Spring of their glorious Actions? What the Parent of all polite Arts, which they, and they alone, brought to their last Perfection? An universal Thirst of Praise that raged through every Rank: This was instilled into them in their Infancy, and this the Study of their advancing Years:

Graius Ingenium Graius dedit ore rotundo

Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.

HOR.

Greece had a Genius, Greece had Eloquence

For her Ambition, and her End was Fame.

ROSCOM.

Nor less authentic is what the ingenious *Pelisson* says in regard to the *Learning* and *Ignorance* of Mankind:

L'Avantage des LETTRES met presque autant de Difference entre les Nations polies & les Nations barbares, que la Nature en a mis entre l'Homme, & les autres Animaux.

PREFACE de l'Acad. des BELLES LETTRES.

“ The

The Advantage of LETTERS makes almost as wide a Difference between the *polite* and *barbarous* Nations, as "Nature does betwixt *Man* and other *Animals*."

PREFACE to the Acad. of BELLES LETTRES.

Whoever has the least Tincture of the GREEK or ROMAN History, or reflects on the Happiness of being born a Member of civilized Society, must be convinced of this great Truth, from reading the Accounts of *savage* Nations, who resemble *polite* Man in nothing but the Figure.

ATHENS and ROME, though now no more, through their immortal Productions embrace the Universe with their Fame, and maintain an indefeatable Empire over Mankind.

The Pens of the Ingenious give to *Merit* its true Reward, to *Vice* its Punishment, by erecting Monuments that last when Statues moulder into Dust, and to end but with Time.

Without them how would the HERO's Actions lie buried in Oblivion? Without them the Patriot's Virtues expire with himself? Without them the *Lycimnias*, *Lalages*, would be known but to their Cotemporaries? — The Chronicles of Beauty are the Poet's Lays.

Those Insurers of Immortality to others, participate with Interest that Fame they give; and down, through the Records of Time, walk hand-in-hand with those they celebrate.

The Poet rejoiced at, nay, participated the Hero's Triumph, and sang his Praise; the triumphant Warrior exulted as he heard the Soul-inspiring Verse; and the Hand that saved a Country, bound the conquering Poet's Brows with Bays; a no less noble Task. —

Every Youth who had Talents, made Eloquence his Study, as an Excellence therein was a sure Guide to Fortune, and to the Admiration of his Country.

The

The *Philosopher* investigated Nature, having first pointed out social Laws to Man.

The *Epic* Trumpet founded the Wars of Heroes, and of Gods.

Tragedy softened the Audience in Behalf of other Ills, *Comedy* laugh'd at the Folly of the Times.

The *lesser* Poets sang of Love, and all the rural Scenes.

Pictures were made to think; and *Rocks* to live. In short, not an Art but was cultivated; each Particular being emulously anxious of contributing somewhat to his Country's Fame, that by due Rewards and Honours had called forth his Talents. Such universal Emulation in Peace, and War, furnished most glorious Annals, and they gave Rise to the best *Historians*; and hence the true Source of National Pride. —The *Greeks* called other Nations βαρβαροι, and the *Romans*, in Imitation, *barbari*, Barbarians.

The high Opinion the *Romans* entertained of themselves, made them become the Masters of the World. A *Citizen of Rome* look'd down with Contempt on the Princes of the Earth, while their Writers continually trumpeted in their Ears:

— *Populum late Regem, Belloque superbum*
Imperium Oceano, Famam qui terminet Astris.

VIRG.

A People of Kings, terrible in War, whose Empire was to know no Bounds, but those of the World.

The distinguished Nations owe as much of their Reputation and *National Pride* to their first Rate Authors, as to their foremost Captains.

As much Honour reflects to *Greece* from *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Demosthenes*, as from *Pericles*, *Epaminondas*, *Themistocles*.

B

ROME

Rome equally boasts of her *Horace*, *Cicero*, and *Virgil*; as of her *Scipios*, *Cæsars*, and her *Catos*.

The *Pride* of the *French*, and contemptible Light they view other Nations in, has greatly contributed to the aggrandizing of their Power.

And they no less exultingly name *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, than their favourite *Lewis*, *Condè*, and *Turenne*.

The honest rough Haughtiness of the old *Britons*, makes them more conspicuous in History than (I fear) those of more refined and modern Date are like to appear; who, though unsuccessful in other Points, can, with Right, and Reason triumph as much in *Shakespear*, as in their greatest *Henry*; in *Milton*, as in *Marlborough*.

A kindred Sentiment to this, is admirably expressed in two Verses of an excellent *Latin* Poem, composed in *Paris* by Mr. *C--b--l*, Native of this City :

*Gressibus incedunt paribus post Funera summi
Heroes, Reges, immortalesque Poetæ.*

With equal Glory triumph after Death
Princes, wreath'd Warriors, and immortal Bards.

This Translation is far short of the sublime Image, and majestic March in the Original.

Is it not from this very Principle of *National Pride*, that the common Men of warring Powers are taught and encouraged to despise their Adversaries? Nay, often the cowardly Soldier in a Regiment of no Name, when incorporated into one of Reputation, espouses their Spirit, and deviates into military Virtue.

Essential

Essential *Pride*, thou Source of ev'ry Good,
 Art but by Dulness' menial Tribe withstood;
 No Nation rose to an immortal Name,
 But by a glorious, Heav'n-born Love of Fame.

THE NATURAL BEAUTIES OF

YR. E. L. A. W. D.

METHINKS I hear a prejudiced Reader angrily break out; Who ever denied that sublime Common-place Doctrine of national Pride? But pray where does it lie? We have to do its Votaries? I answer, almost every Native. We are Inhabitants of one of the fabled Islands in the World; and, as will appear from the following Sketch, one of the most delightful. Should any Objector, with a slighting Leer, reject Sir John, the Right Honourable Anthony

B 2

SECT.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the
 large number of islands which are situated

To form of Ireland but a part of it.
 Think on all Beaches that adorn the World;

I'll quote him one, detested Malice must bow to, and con-
 vided Ignorance look appall'd at. Sir John Davies
 Thus he begins his Report of Ireland to King James
 The First. The lines referred to, for the Quotations
 from

SECTION II.

The NATURAL BEAUTIES of
IRELAND.

METHINKS I hear a prejudiced Reader angrily break out; Who ever denied this sublime Common-place Doctrine of national Pride? But pray what Motives can the *Irish* have to be its Votaries? I answer, almost every Motive. We are Inhabitants of one of the fertilest Islands in the World; and, as will appear from the following Sketch, one of the most delightful. Should any Objector, with a slighting Leer, reject ST. JOHN, the *Irish* Latin Poet's Authority, to wit;

*Si cupis HIBERNÆ naturam noscere gentis,
Finge Animo quidquid nobile Mundus habet.*

To form of IRELAND but a just Idea,
Think on all Beauties that adorn the World;

I'll quote him one, defeated Malice must bow to, and convicted Ignorance look appall'd at—Sir JOHN DAVIES.

Thus he begins his Report of *Ireland*, to KING JAMES THE FIRST.—The Pages referred to, for the Quotations
from

from him, shall be agreeable to the *London* Edition printed for A. MILLAR opposite to *Catharine-street*, in the *Strand*; being exactly the same with the Edition of 1612.

Page 6. " During the Time of my *Service* in IRELAND
 " (which began in the first Year of his Majesties Reign) I
 " have visited all the Provinces of that *Kingdome*, in sundry
 " Journies and Circuits, wherein I have observed the good
 " *Temperature* of the *Ayre*; the *Fruitfulness* of the *Soyle*; the
 " pleasant and commodious *Seats*, for *Habitation*; the safe
 " and large *Ports* and *Havens* lying open for *Trafficke*, into
 " all the West Parts of the World; the long Inlets of many
 " navigable *Rivers*, and so many great *Lakes*, and fresh
 " Ponds within the Land, as the like are not to be seen in
 " any Part of *Europe*; the rich *Fishings* and *Wild Fowle* of
 " all Kinds." Page 281—" The Description of the Land
 " of *Canaan*, in the 8th of *Deuteronomy*," doth in every
 Part agree with *Ireland* †.

In

†. A short Account who Sir JOHN DAVIES was, must fix his Authority beyond all hopes of appealing from it. He was born in *Wiltshire*, was distinguished for his Learning at *Oxford*; his Poem, on the Immortality of the Soul, established his Reputation as a *Poet*.—He was a Burgess in the Parliament of 1601 held at *Westminster*.—When on Queen *Elizabeth's* Death he went with Lord *Hunsdon* into *Scotland*, to congratulate King *James* on his Succession to the *English* Throne, he was by that Prince (already acquainted with the Reputation of his Talents) caressed, and assured of his royal Favour, in consequence was sent *Solicitor*, and soon after made Attorney-General in *Ireland*, where, in the Year 1606, he was *Speaker* of the House of Commons.—The following Year he was knighted by the King in *Whitehall*. In 1626 he was appointed Lord-Chief-Justice of the *King's Bench*, but died suddenly before the Time fixed for his Installation, aged 57.—For more Particulars of his Life, see *The Lives of the Poets*, Vol. I. p. 167; where, among other Articles of Praise, is the following remarkable one:

He (Sir JOHN DAVIES) enjoy'd the joint Applauses of *Camden*, *Ben Johnson*, *Sir John Harrington*, *Selden*, *Donne*, and *Corbet*; these are great Authorities in our Author's Favour; and I may fairly assert, that no philosophical Writer ever explained their Ideas more clearly and familiarly in *Prose*, or more harmoniously, and beautifully in *Verse*.—Now demur who may.

In proof whereof, let any Stranger take a circular View of the elegant Environs of this improving *Metropolis*; then, lured by the *Protæan* Landskips, bear away and visit the County of *Wicklow*, our neighbouring *Arcadia*.

As we advance, now rising Hills, now opening Plains, now easy Descents, now winding Vales liveried in the most vivid green, and each watered by its native Rivulet, Stream, or mazy River, delight the Eye with all the Wantonness of varying Nature.

What *Poetic* Scenes (by way of shadowy Contrast) are here, for *Pastoral* Distress, and *Elegiac* Sorrow!—

First, Let me point out to young *Poets* where to chuse; and, 2dly, Shew an Example, however faint.

For the *former* I would paint a disconsolate Shepherd, complaining to the responsive Cliffs in the *Downs*, and other famous Vales, rich in pleasing Horrors.

For the *latter*, thus would I indulge the Muse, in plaintive Numbers :

Where the steep DARGHELL rolls with sullen Pride,
Thro' broken Rocks a clam'rous foamy Tide;
Crook'd, shady Cliffs, a Scene for Grief design'd,
Strike solemn Awe—there on her Hand reclin'd,
Ah faithless Shepherd, cries a weeping Maid,
For all my Fondness to be thus betray'd?

What said you not on the too fatal Day *,
With Sighs and Vows you led my Soul astray!
By ev'ry Shrine, by ev'ry God you swore,
That me, and only me, you wou'd adore.
I listen'd, you prevail'd; I lov'd, and you betray:
Gave all I cou'd——perfidious Damon say,

Can

* Che nò mi disse un Di, &c.

Can you thus leave me? this the Faith you'd prove?
This your Return for the sincerest Love?

To you I sacrific'd my Virgin Fame;
The truest Passion you repay with Shame:
Ah! dire Affections of a wretched Maid*;
To yield a Heart, and to be thus betray'd:
All, all is lost—deceitful World adieu,
Weep hapless Eyes that first my Ruin drew;
And till wish'd Death shall close each weary Lid,
Here be my Shame, and here my Sorrows hid.

MEDITATION shapes her lonely Walk to *Powers-court*
Wood (and to substitute better Words than I could find;
I appeal to those who have been on the Spot for the exact
Correspondence of the following Description)

—————To the Border comes,
Of EDEN, where delicious Paradise
Now nearer crowns with an Enclosure green,
As with a rural Mound the champain Head
Of a steep Wilderness, whose hoary Sides,
With Thicket over-grown; grotesque, and wild,
Access deny; and over-head up grows
A Sylvan Scene; and as the Ranks ascend
Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre
Of stateliest View—————

MILTON.

Here in Summer's Pride bursting over verdant Branches
from above, as the watery Precipice thunders Amazement in
our Ears, an awful Terror invades the Mind.—Ye blest with
happy

* Poveri Affetti mei
Questa mi rendi amor, questa Mercede.

happy Imaginations snatch the poetic Pen; to convey an adequate Idea, make the foaming Torrent tumble impetuous down the rapid Lines, and roar in ecchoing Numbers.

MOUNT KENNEDY now strikes my View. Here *Shakespeare* would make his Fairy Nations celebrate their Midnight Revels; the laughing Deity of the Place reside at *Altidore*, that proudly lords it over a diversified and fertile Plain: which is, on one Side, pleasingly hedged in by ridgy Mountains, and on the other skirts *Neptune's* Realm from that of *Wicklow*, to *Bray's* rugged Head, whose lowering Front is never cheared by the Sea's flattering Calm, and looks Defiance to all its Rage.

To *Hermitage* and other humble Recesses nestling amongst the Clifts, from Summer's scorching Heat, the Mountain-Nymphs retire; where, guided by a tinkling Rill through narrow shaded Paths, they proceed to cool Basons scoop'd out of the Rocks, there to bathe in an amorously-falling Stream, ambitious of the Office.

Invited by a mild Ascent at first, which after becomes more obstinate, what growing Pleasure to attain the lofty Mountain's spiry Top *, and look triumphant over the Vales, elegantly studded with MINOR Hills; to view the distant Capital; the spreading Sea; and Navigation's busy Inter-courfe.

The Ruins of the Seven Churches, built in a delicious Bottom in the midst of Mountains formerly inaccessible, are the surprising Remains of an Habitation as sequester'd, as romantic, and has given Rise to many curious Enquiries, and learned Debates.---How inviting to Study, when, on the enclosing Mountains of this sweet Retreat, the lofty Woods
waved

* The higher *Sugar-Loaf*.

waved their wide-spread Branches over the double Lake.—
There *Contemplation* might feed her musing Thoughts,

Ὀρῶν ἐπὶ οἰνοπαῖα ποταμῶν. HOMER II. lib. I.

looking on the curled Surface of the black, embosom'd Deep.

As in the Lowlands adjacent to the Sea from *Dublin*, to the Hill's Top that towers over *Wicklow-Town*, all the milder Beauties of Nature can be seen grouped, as it were: So, when you have ascended the first Ridge of Mountains, bid adieu to the *Elysium* below, prepare your Imagination for majestic Terrors; returning from which, how cheared is the Eye by the rich and verdant Plain, that, with a Smile, seems to beckon to, and invite you down.—These surprising Contrasts can be enjoy'd in one Day's moderate Riding.—

But as the Horrors of this World are not without their Beauty to a tasteful and curious Eye, so become a temporary Inhabitant of the *Wicklow Highlands*, let the young Poet learn to describe a Mountain-Tempest — Black-brooding Storms descend, cut the Hills across, and shed Terror over the Plains. The horrid Rumbling begins; Clouds dash against Clouds; incessant Lightnings strive to rend the Mountain-Tops; the veteran Rocks, faithful to their Trust, mock the vain Attempt. Ecce alarm'd, from her hundred Grots, and jealous of her invaded Empire, with united, lengthened, and repeated Bellowings, re-thunders back again—the shatter'd Clouds having lost their Consistence, the rattling Shower seems precipitated by the Sky dissolv'd.

But lo—the War of Elements abated, the Peace-proclaiming SUN, with mild and scatter'd Beams of his superior Lustre, reflected from the many-colour'd Bow, announces his friendly Mediation and Approach; as he breaks gradually

on us, shews more resplendent in his enlivening Course, and bids affrighted Creation to fear no more:

The half-dead Traveller, who, dreading the final Dissolution of the World, had skulk'd in a Cave, now ventures to peep abroad, feels Life renew'd, and his Breast warm'd by a brisker Circulation:—He observes the cheared Beasts step from under their Coverts, where they nurs'd Despondence. Encouraged by their Example he walks forth, looks joyfully towards Heaven, while his Heart bounds in grateful Acknowledgments to the BEING OF BEINGS, equally adorable in his Smiles, and in his Wrath.

As he goes, he sees Desolation rage around.—From the Side of every Hill headlong Torrents deluge to the Plain below; tear new Passages through the weeping Farmer's cultivated Land; sweep the Hopes of Harvest, Cottages, Flocks, and Inhabitants away. He shudders as he hears the confluent Floods in the Valley join their mutinous Clamours; and in their irresistible Course, howl, and roar Destruction.

Perhaps there is not another Instance in the World, where, in so narrow a Circuit, as is that enchanting one of the County of *Wicklow*, and its Borders, *Nature* hath, with so lavish a Hand, scattered Beauties on one Side, and Horrors on the other; which alternately enhance the different Prospects. And to give a juster Picture of them than I can pretend to, they want the Pencil of modest *Lambert*.—He has, indeed, this in common with *Wicklow*, that they both are not thought sufficiently of, by those, who ought to esteem them most.

I am aware of a Multitude of Objections against the Partiality of quoting no other County, than that of *Wicklow*, for chief Evidence of what I want to prove.—

My Answer is, I meant not to give *Chorographical Views* of the whole Kingdom—that is the allotted Task of Gentlemen now employed in the different Counties; to whose Works I refer those desirous of a more ample Acquaintance with *Ireland*. What I have done here, is but to propose a neighbouring, and obvious *Specimen* to Strangers visiting this City, and sufficient to serve for preparatory Proof to the next Section.

To delineate all the elegant Scenes of this Realm, would require Volumes, and which, as above hinted, is now executing by others.

The *Giants Causeway*, the large and beautiful *Lakes* in the *North*, as well as that wonderful one of *Killarney* to the *Southward*, have been already described.

The *Curragh* of *Kildare* for a verdant, spacious, and airy Plain, is a worthy Object of Curiosity.

Kilkenny is deservedly praised for its Situation, River, and beauteous Tracts of Ground adjacent to it.

The SHANNON, *Fluviorum Rex*, King among the Rivers, flows with spreading Majesty, being in some Places near three Miles broad.

From the Top of *TARA-Hill*, you have a most extensive View over a fine fertile Country.—Here the expanding Soul enjoys herself, takes a Fore-taste of Eternity, acknowledges and hails her God!

From *Horse-Pass-Bridge* to *Ballimore-Eustace*, is a delightful Continuation of *Water-Falls*.

The rich Plains and Vales of *Munster*, and other Parts of the Kingdom, must be known to every Person who has read a common Book of Geography.

But here to enter into a particular Detail of the Beauties of each County or Province, would become dry, and disgusting to the Stranger's Palate, which we want to lure; and to whom (as is marked in our *Frontispiece*) one Hand stretched out invitingly, the other supported by the Harp;

Hear pleas'd HIBERNIA with a Voice benign—

NATURE's chief Beauties, I can boast, are mine.

SECTION III.

The ABILITIES of BODY and MIND
of the Inhabitants of IRELAND.

HITHERTO I have quoted Sir JOHN DAVIES in Behalf of the Beauties of the Country; now observe his Sentiments of the Natives of *Ireland*; of whom he says:

“The *Bodies* and *Minds* of the People are endued with “*extraordinary Abilities* of NATURE.” Page 6.

As to the Article of bodily Excellence I shall say nothing, being what I am sure must be the readiest granted by those I want to make Profelytes. The not disagreeable Stature of the Men, in general proportioned for Activity, must be obvious to every Eye.—And of the Beauty of the Fair Sex, we have now many conspicuous Proofs among us, besides those *England* has deprived us of.—

Having thus far proceeded as to Exteriors, (Sir JOHN DAVIES, my faithful and unerring Guide) I shall next assert the Excellence of their mental Faculties.—His Definition of the *Irish* is;

“A Nation of great *Antiquity*, and wanted neither *Wit*, nor *Valour*; were Lovers of *Music*, *Poetry*, and all Kinds of *Learning*.” Page 170.

In the most barbarous, and uncultivated Times of *Europe*, the influencing of the Climate so far prevailed, that Learning, such as it was in those early uninformed Days, Poets, and Minstrels were to be met with in every District.—The

Hostilities of rival Princes provoked the frequent Exertion of the Natives' Valour.—I shall quote but one of the many Proofs for the *Antiquity of Ireland*, as a separate, and independent Kingdom: and that in *Molyneux's Words* —“ As
 “ the *English* Orators in the Council of *Constance*, confessed
 “ and alledged as an Argument, in the Contest between
 “ *Henry the Fifth's* Legates, and those of *Charles the Sixth*
 “ of *France*, for *Precedence*—The *Antiquity* and Prece-
 “ dence of the *King of England*, was allowed him *wholly*
 “ on the account of his *Kingdom of Ireland*.”

These Advantages, however shewy, are but the outward Varnishing of Man.—The following good Qualities constitute a People truly respectable, to wit, a due Deference to Laws, in Evidence whereof, thus Sir JOHN confesses ;

“ For the Truth is, that in Time of Peace, the *Irish* are
 “ more fearful to offend the Law than the *English*, or any
 “ other Nation whatsoever.” Page 267.

Tho' this may seem a Paradox to the prejudiced Part of our Neighbours in *Old Britain*, it is nevertheless certain, that there are less Robberies committed in and about this *Metropolis*, and fewer Criminals executed, than in any other great City of *Europe*. Our Roads are travelled with as much Safety every Hour of the Night, as in Broad-day: And if unhappy Idlers from this Kingdom, so often disgrace themselves, there ; it must be imputed to the lewd Baits, the too obvious and flagrant Lures to Vice, that draw in Strangers to such Excitements: who are of violent Passions, waxen Temperaments, joined to a Greediness to indulge Desires, without being industriously applicable to acquire the Means.

“ For there is no Nation of People under the Sun, that
 “ doth love *equal*, and *indifferent* Justice, better than the
 “ *Irish* ;

“ *Irish* ; or will rest better satisfied with the Execution
“ thereof, although it be against themselves ; so as they
“ may have the *Protection* and *Benefit* of the *Law*, when
“ upon *just Cause* they do desire it.” Page 283.

As nothing more strenuous can be advanced for the *Irish*
Natives’ just Sense of *Right*, and *Wrong*, than what is in
the above Paragraph ; so *Loyalty*, their legitimate Offspring,
is manifested in the following :

“ The Clock of the Civil Government is now well set,
“ and all the Wheels thereof do move in Order ; the *Strings*
“ of the *Irish Harp*, which the *Civil Magistrate* doth fin-
“ ger, are all in *Tune* (for I omit to speak of the *State Ec-*
“ *clesiastic*) and make a good Harmony in the Common-
“ weal.” Page 281.

And this good Harmony must, no doubt, always subsist
while the *Strings* of the *Irish Harp* are fingered by the
Civil Magistrate ; by whom, constitutionally attuned, *Alle-*
giance and *Faalty* are characteristic of the *Irish* ; and thus the
unprejudiced and impartial DAVIES vouches for them :

“ In which Condition of Subjects they will gladly conti-
“ nue, without Defection, or adhering to any other *Lord* or
“ *King*, as long as they may be *protected* and *justly governed*,
“ without *Oppression* on the one Side, or *Impunity* on the
“ other.” Page 283.

Much can be done with them by *Mildness* ; by *Harshness*
little.—Violent and irritating Causes scarce ever fail of pro-
ducing their natural Effects. In the political as well as in
the *animal* System, it is more eligible and praise-worthy to
prevent, than to cure Diseases ; and speaks more the pru-
dent Practitioner ; desperate drugging, oftener destroys, than
restores.—From their *moral* let us pass to their *military*
Character.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV.* thus begins a String of Absurdities, relative to the *Soldiership* of the *Irish*, which have been taken notice of, and refuted already; I shall only animadvert on his first lying, ridiculous Period:

“ *Les Irlandois, que nous avons vus de si bons Soldats en France, & en Espagne, ont toujours mal combattu chez eux.*” Which literally signifies,

The *Irish*, whom we have seen so good *Soldiers* in *France* and *Spain*, never fought well in their own Country.—

If *Voltaire*, that stigmatized Compound of *Genius* and *Meanness*, were not so notorious for peremptorily deciding in Matters he knows nothing of; there would be an Air of Formidability in this and his subsequent Assertions, all equally groundless and nonsensical.—But, as despis'd Exile from every Place he has infested, he cannot be affronted by the Living; let him at least be confounded by the illustrious deceased—Sir JOHN DAVIES, who thought otherwise:

“ It is most certain, that the *English Forces* sent hither from time to time, were ever too weak to subdue, and master so many warlike Nations (or *Septs*) of the *Irish*, as did possess the Island.” Page 9.

Assertion being no Proof, let us make a *natural*, and *moral* Inquiry on this Head.—

First, As to the *natural*.—If Courage depend on, or be any way influenced by the Climate People are born in, *Ireland* is certainly disculpated from a Lack thereof by her Sons; to whom, in general, is imputed, as a characteristic Fault, their too great Readiness at home, as well as abroad, to fight, in the most violent, and death-dealing Way: and often, I am sorry to say, on too trifling Occasions.

From

From this *natural* Constitution of the People, who can with any Shew of Truth make a *moral* Deduction, that a Body of Men, individually intrepid, should become collectively pusillanimous; when kindled by mutual Example, their Country's Glory, Interest, and every (as *Shakespear* terms it)

“Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War?”

Common Sense disclaims the Inference.—

How glorious and heroic was the shaking off of the *Danish* Tyranny by the ancient *Irish*.

Sir JOHN DAVIS has, in the last quoted Passage, observed—how difficult for Ages had the Throne of *England* found the *Reduction*, not *Subjection* of *Ireland*; and that with regular Troops against raw, unofficer'd, undisciplined, and often unarmed *Militias*.

ESSEX, and many other great Commanders, had been commissioned hither.

CROMWELL thought his Presence, Politics, and Action, all necessary.

The late KING WILLIAM, one of the greatest Generals of his Time, was Witness to what the *Irish* could do; acknowledged their Bravery, both of those on his Side, and of those who fought in Opposition to him: he pitied the Errors of the latter, signed the Capitulation of *Limeric* with a Sigh, by which so many brave Subjects quitted their Country. And certainly that illustrious Prince was as good a Judge of Bravery, as the very unmilitary *Voltaire*.

This groundless Report was begot by Prejudice, foster'd by royal Ingratitude, propagated by Ignorance, and is now repeated as the last dying *Eccbo* by *Voltaire's* hectic, worn-

out, and penitential Muse.—He has been ever remarkable for a Man of hasty Conception, crude, and precipitate Judgment; which, in the Series of his critical, philosophical, political, and polemical Writings, have exposed him to many shameful Recantations.—For his Merit as a *Poet* I revere him.

To decline what would be here a tedious Enumeration of martial Deeds by the *Irish* in their own Country, I refer to the least partial Historians; for, as yet, I know none impartial.

The Capitulation of *Limeric* obtain'd, after a long and obstinate Siege, the Warriors therein included, failed to *France*; where, and in other Countries, they have established Colonies of *hereditary Bravery*; whose envied Sons we see fill with Honour the first Employments of the Sword and State, and thereby filially repay Part of that Fame they inherit from a Mother, who beams Dignity on all her Children, save those Renegado's who reflect a Scandal on her, by vilely obtruding themselves on other Nations they are an exotic Infamy to.

To come to more modern Proofs of *Irish* Valour.

In *Queen ANNE's* Reign we had above twenty Commanding Officers of Note in the different Services of *Europe*.—

For recent Instances of what the *Irish* can do in the Scenes of Danger, ye Shades of *Dettingen* arise; and ye who fought under adverse Banners, would deserve every Muse's Praise, had ye fallen in your Country's Cause.

Of our many Admirals, let it here suffice to mention *WARREN*, who rous'd the dormant Spirit of the *British* Fleet to rescue her disputed Sceptre, assert her Rights, and reign the undoubted Empress of the Sea.

IRISH

IRISH Troops (well commanded) never fly
 When *Fame* invites them from the hostile Tow'rs ;
 O'er Death-ful Mines, thro' thund'ring Batt'ries rush,
 And fierce-devouring Flames, no Stop to *Them*
 To gather Laurels in the hard-fought Breach :
 GLORY their God, and *Honour* their Religion!

SECTION IV.

The celebrated WITS, LITERATI,
ARTISTS, IMPROVEMENTS, &c.
of IRELAND.

FROM *Mars* let us turn to *APOLLO*, whose Rites are more within our Reach.

The eldest of Writers were *Poets*: they have therefore a Right of Seniority and Preference, to be encouraged before all others.

If, as has been above asserted, the romantic Views of a Country not a little contribute, to the inciting and cherishing of the *Muse*, what Nation is more naturally entituled to aspire to the *Laurel*, than this? And indeed, even in the most obscure Part of her History, she is remarkable for her *Bards*.

The *poetical* Disposition of a Country, must, of Necessity, awaken, enlarge, and elevate the young *Imagination* with picturesque Prospects of NATURE, uniform in Variety, various in Simplicity; which is imitative ART's most difficult Point to attain.—

The prosaic Level of a Province, or Realm, depresses its Natives, with a lethargic, narrow, and groveling Way of Thinking.

As the same Causes that rouse the Imagination to *poetic* Heights, dilate the Heart to *generous* Deeds; so the Natives
of

of *Ireland* have ever been celebrated for glowing Friendship, and obvious Hospitality.

The almost continual Civil Wars in this Country, too often compelled her Men of *Learning* and *Genius*, to repair to other Kingdoms, many of whom have been distinguished *Professors* of most *Universities* in *Europe*; *Founders* of some: and in Proportion to the Advancement of Learning in their Days, not less eminent, than were lately among us the learned and ingenious Doctors *Helfham* and *Robinson*. But an historical Account of them here, being somewhat foreign from my Purpose, which is only to prove what the *Genius* of Men born in this Kingdom, is capable of, I shall confine myself to enumerate a few of our most eminent for Wit, Learning, the Sciences, and Arts, and that without observing the Order of Time they succeeded to each other, but as they occur to my Memory: which will be sufficient to evince the Truth I here contend for.—

Illustrious Witnesses for your Country's Cause, stand forth.—

For *Attic* Sprightliness, *Roman* Strength, and flowing Humour, SWIFT wears the Crown; a *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Rabelais*, and many more of equal Fame in one.—

For spirited, nervous, and finewy Lines, the truly poetical Sir JOHN DENHAM is unrival'd.

PARNEL deserves the Wreath for gentle Poetry.

In Consideration of the *Demerit* of most *English* Comedy-Writers, *Farquhar* claims our Praise.

Luxuriant CONGREVE (the Gleanings of whose Fancy, and Shakings-off of whose Pen, would invigorate twenty of our late spiritless miscall'd Comedies) is admirable for his Vivacity and Wit.

Whoever

Whoever has read the *Tatlers*, and *Christian Hero*, &c. must think gratefully of *Steel*, for his excellent Instructions; as also for his daring to introduce *moral* Comedies on the Stage.

SOUTHERN who fail'd in the *Sock*, shines in the *Buskin*; wou'd he had separated them: but he complied with the vitiated Taste of the Times.

ROSCOMMON is a strong Example of the Rules he taught—the Nobleman accomplish'd, happy Poet, just and elegant Critic.

How unlimited are the Obligations *Experimental Philosophy* is under to that Key of Nature, our BOYLE; and the Literary World to the many illustrious of that Name?

Rapid *Time*, in his impetuous Course, for a Moment draws in his Wings in tributary Homage, and bows to USHER's Name.

For universal Learning BERKELEY ranks among the foremost.

Neglected CAROLAN was blest with a *Genius* truly *musical*; the *Bow* has drawn as harmonious Sounds, guided by some *Irish*, as by any foreign *Hands*.—Nor have the Powers of *vocal* Symphony been refused to us.

For near half a Century *Performers* from this Kingdom have been eminent on the *London Theatres*; and *Theatres*, when well regulated, may be justly looked on as an Abridgment of the polite Arts, or at least a central Point to which they tend.

In this Article of the polished *Genius* of our Natives, it would be an unpardonable Omission, not to take Notice of the late *Female Junto*, celebrated for *Learning* and for *Wit*; the Works of some of them have been published; to wit—

By Mrs. GRIERSON ; the *Dublin* Edition of *Tacitus* and *Terence*, with her Dedications ; her Poems, esteemed by all who had read them, she thought too meanly of to publish.—To a Knowledge of the learned Languages, she join'd that of the Mathematics, and was an extraordinary Phaenomenon.

By Mrs. BARBER a Volume of Poems.

By the late unhappy Mrs. PILKINGTON, too much—had she selected from her Poems, and of her Prose published but the Account of Doctor SWIFT, she had obliged the World with a small, yet valuable Work, and that would deserve a Place in the Libraries of the Ingenious.—Necessity compell'd her to be voluminous.

We have had Judges ; and Orators, at the Bar, Pulpit, and in the Senate, not inferior to those of any other Country. The only Thing can be objected to us, is our Backwardness in Improvements. Until the Revolution, this Kingdom had been in an unhappy fluctuating State ; but since that Period the Improvements here have been as vigorous as possible : and an industrious Emulation has been diffused throughout the Kingdom, by that *Patriot* Body the *Dublin Society* ; whose great Agent, the late Mr. *Prior's* Name, must be honour'd through Ages.—Long may we enjoy his worthy Co-operator.

What would Sir *John Davies* (who wrote so lavishly of *Ireland* in 1612, were he alive) assert of it now ?

Ought then a Country so adorned by Nature, and so productive of great Men, in every Walk, be affrontfully called *Bæotia* by our neighbouring Writers ? which has been ecchoed from the most eminent down to the meanest. What the meanest scrawl, no body minds ; but that the most eminent should labour under such vulgar Error, and popular Prejudice, is amazing :—for thus Mr. *Pope* to Dr. *Swift* :

From

From thy *Bæotia* tho' her Pow'r retires, &c.

Descending from Mr. *Pope*, we find in Mr. *Smart's* Subscription Poems, the Temple of Dulness erected in *Ireland*, which betrays in him an Ignorance of this Country, and filial Ingratitude to the Fens of *Kent*. In return to his fine Compliment to us, we declare, that had that Shire no other Merit than to have produced so great a Personage, we should speak of it with Reverence.

Though in regard to our Fellow-subjects of *England*, we must confess, that for Arts, Industry, and Improvements, we are at present far behind them; yet it can be affirmed, that we have bolder Strokes of fine, of great, of *Epic* Nature, than they can pretend to: we one Day may attain to their Improvements. So the Advantage of *Possibility* is on our Side, nay of *Probability*, while the above-mentioned national Society continue their Patriot Encouragement.—What surprising Effects have not been seen thereof in the Drawing-School, and in every Art they patronize!

It is every Man's Business, who loves his Country (and he who does not is a Monster) to contribute somewhat to the glorious Work:—All I could, was to collect, into one Body, whatever I had hitherto published in scatter'd Papers, or advanced by way of Argument in Company, in Behalf of this Nation; and for so doing, am as proud of my *Exegi Monumentum*, as *Horace* was of his: His Monument was raised to Vanity, I raise this to my Country; and that it may serve as an Incitement to all its Worthies to continue their unexampled Patronage, by reasoning from what has been, to what may be: To whom it must also be observed, as is insinuated in the First Section, that the great *Geniusses*, in perpetuating
their

their Country's Fame, paid a Debt of Gratitude to her, and to those who patronized them.

In *Greece* and *Rome* they received the greatest Encouragement; could aspire to, and often obtained the highest Honours of the State.

In *France* *LEWIS* the XIVth enriched them with Pensions, and frequently honoured them with his Company.

In *ENGLAND* *Addison* and *Prior* rose to be Officers of State.

But in those Kingdoms, where Talents are not, or from their political Situation, cannot be recompenced, few care to hazard themselves to the Public; or if they do, upon the first cold Neglect renounce the Muses; and, in Complaisance to their own Interest, become uniformly dull with the prevailing Prejudice.

Some indeed animated by a noble Pride, the frequent Companion of true *Genius* (but widely different from offensive Petulance) disclaim their native Soil, repair to kinder Climates; and often, by leaving their Birth-place uncertain, justly punish a neglectful Mother; who, when too late, wishes to have used them better. For an Instance at home, had not *Swift* first flourished in *England*, and returned among us with the full Blazon of Fame, he might perhaps have arrived at the lucrative Title of a droll Country Curate.

If an Excellence in any Art or Science, in patronizing Kingdoms, raises a Man, of however slender Fortune, to an Equality with the Wealthy and Powerful; certainly a joint Application to shine in the Sciences, and in the polite as well as useful Arts, must vindicate a Province or Nation from being disregarded, and prove its best Advocate to those with whom it is connected.

If we have had Men who rose to the foremost Ranks, almost, nay some entirely independent of us, what a Harvest may we not hope from proper Encouragement; observe, I mean in those Articles it is in our Power to encourage.

May we not hope, by so doing, to rise in *England's Esteem*, and obtain from her, through an affectionate Relenting, those Privileges and Favours, the puny Arrogance of the visionary Writers, and Orators of the Year 1749, and all such, will never be able to extort; but as then, ever must, draw at length deserved Punishment on themselves; Ridicule and Contempt on their too good-natured, not to say weak, and undiscerning Abettors.

Let us therefore, with all the Softness of our *Irish Harp*, endeavour to win the generous but irritable *British Lion*, into Condescensions in our Behalf; nor provoke his Rage, unless untunable, by all decent and modest Efforts, even to the wearing of her Strings.—Mutual Affection, Gratitude, and Equality, are the true Cement of Nations.—But whither do I wander? *Ne sutor ultra Crepidam*, beware of Politics, and stick to Subjects thou art more equal to.—

GENIUS of *Ireland*, still inspirit your Sons to encourage *native Merit*, and thence to be enroll'd in the Catalogue of real Men.

The Inspiration of, and *Apollo's* ASSENT
to the GENIUS of *IRELAND*;

That is here personified.

WHAT sudden Transport! how my Fancy glows!
A Warmth divine my ravish'd Soul o'erflows!
What lambent Flames around my Temples play!
Of my charm'd Breast what God usurps the Sway! *
APOLLO urges, ev'ry Muse inspires,
Quick Thought enkindles, growing Rapture fires!
Sprung in IDEA to the Worlds on high,
Scornful of Earth, I sweep the vaulted Sky.
From Star to Star I shoot, from Pole to Pole,
And far, quite far, view nether Planets roll †.
Hark—joyous Notes delight my ravish'd Ears ‡,
Voluptuous Concert of th' attuning Spheres:
Celestial Minstrelsy—see Wonders new,
Reveal'd PARNASSUS blazons to my View!
All hail APOLLO, hail ye tuneful Powers,
Ye Laurel-Groves, and ever-blooming Bowers.

E 2

APOLLO,

* Quis Furor humanos nostro de Pectore sensus,
Depulit & totum spirant Præcordia Phœbum.

CLAUDIAN.

† — Summo despexit ab Æthere Terras,
— Penitus, penitusque jacentes.

OVID.

‡ — Auditis? an Me
Laudit amabilis Insania!

HORAT.

APOLLO, smiling, on ROSCOMMON leans ;
 'Thus the lov'd Bard the Deity's Sense explains:
 Arduous the Task thy Country's Love inspires,
 Her Fame asserting to attempt our Choirs.
 Our God *assents*, th' approving Muses bend ;
 Who dare, must rise*—that Truth inforce, commend.
 O how I'd joy to see HIBERNIA shine,
 Wreath'd 'mongst the foremost at the DELPHIC Shrine.
 'Tis not true Talents in thy Sons that fail :
 Where no *Mæcenas*es they ne'er avail.
 Proclaim to all who by harmonious Lays,
 Wou'd gain the Honours of *Poetic* Praise ;
 That *Pope's* learn'd Page still clear their eager Sight,
 Their Morning-Pleasure, and their Noon-Delight †.

A Secret learn to Mortals yet unknown,
 Summon'd each Muse, APOLLO on his Throne :
 HOMER's impartial Sentiment to know,
 The BRITISH *Iliad*, and the GREEK they show.
 The GREEK run o'er, he gently puts aside,
 But reads the BRITISH with a tacit Pride :
 Charm'd and amaz'd, he views the golden Lines,
 Where his own Lustre in each Distich shines ;
 He finds his Heroes, and his Gods the same,
 His Thoughts, his Numbers, his peculiar Flame,
 So chaste render'd, so expressly shewn,
 Confus'd he stands, uncertain which to own.

What wond'rous Efforts of the human Mind,
 Can BRITAIN boast, and chief in ev'ry Kind.

Thus

* ——— Possunt, quia posse videntur.

VIRG.

† Nocturnâ versate Manû, versate diurnâ.

HOR.

Thus spoke ROSCOMMON, the learn'd Nine approve,
 Pointing my Way unto a neighb'ring Grove;
 The sacred Nurs'ry of politer Arts,
 To form the Mind, and elevate our Hearts.

But—what mishapen Prodigy appears,
 Old as Time's self, yet not impair'd by Years!
 Intrench'd her Forehead, horrent stands her Hair,
 Her crook'd red Eye-Balls in deep Caverns glare;
 With Screams terrific her fell Grotto rings,
 Raging at all who soar on Virtue's Wings.

As she descries me with an hateful Eye,
 Hiss her foul Snakes, thick Vapours round me fly;
 She raves, and vollies off an horrid Cry.

Involv'd in Clouds, I should expire with Fear,
 Did not a conqu'ring Break of Light appear?
 From a green Summit cheers a radiant Maid,
 Dismiss your Fear—weak ENVY's but a Shade:
 Contempt's her Pittance, not to be refuted,
 Those she'd eclipse, my Fav'rites be reputed.

While MERIT speaks, fresh Honours paint the Ground,
 Her heav'nly Features beam new Day around.—
 As I enamour'd on the Virgin gaze,
 Dawning Perfections growing Wonder raise:
 I cou'd for ever gaze, and ever find
 Unfolding Glories to a tasteful Mind.

Rouz'd by this Vision, and the promis'd Bays,
 Pursue my Sons in Search of letter'd Praise.
 SWIFT takes the Lead—ROSCOMMON marks the Way,
 SOUTHERN applauds, and FARQUHAR hails the Day.

BOYLE,

BOYLE, USHER, DENHAM, BERKELEY, CONGREVE,
STEEL,

PARNEL, and MOL'NEAUX Patriot Rapture feel.

APOLLO calls, he waves his wreathed Hand,
O fly enraptur'd at the God's Command.
Thrice happy soar where Love of Glory calls,
With MILTON rise, beware of SHAKESPEAR's Falls :
His Heights ! his Falls ! astonishing to tell ;
No Mortal higher rose, nor lower fell.

If by Correctness you Renown propose
In sprightliest Verse, and not less sprightly Prose ;
SWIFT be your Standard, SWIFT from Heav'n was sent
Our Isle to save, alone, a Parliament :
Unbias'd SWIFT by Threats or Lures of State,
Firm to his Country's Cause, shone truly great.

Enthron'd near him on wish'd *Parnassus* fit,
And by fam'd Products of immortal Wit,
To future Ages make HIBERNIA's Name,
As join'd by Pow'r to ALBION's, join'd in Fame.

11. 7. 49

F I N I S.

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